LONGBOAT BEATS FLEET SHRUBB IN GREAT MARATHON

Little Englishman Takes Lead at Start and Holds It for Twenty-four and a Half Miles, but the Pace Kills Him.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

The tortoise beat the hare and Longboat beat Shrubb. It was just about the same sort of a proposition. The Englishman showed amazing speed, but his ambition was his undoing. Starting at a terrific clip he immediately opened a gap and left Longboat far behind. In mile after mile he increased his lead, until in the twentieth he had eight laps the best of it-nearly a mile. And then he broke down, and the Indian finished alone. Had Shrubb been less ambitious-had he taken a lead of two or three laps and then loafed along in the Indian's wake-he would

Madison Square Garden was packed long before the time scheduled for the start of the great Marathon. A race in which Bob Hallen beat Mike Spring kept the crowd from becoming too restless. There was a wait, during which everybody puffed cigars. And then, with a charge of photographers that made the Light Brigade's effort look like a promenade, a booming of flashlight powder, a whanging of drums and cymbals and a clanging of brass bands, the race started.

There was silence in the great arena, deep bass voice in the gallery advised and then as Shrubb, slight and dark and wiry, shot to the front like a deer one. Shrubb was smashing all Maratone of an and wiry, shot to the front like a deer one. Shrubb was smashing all Maratone of an and wiry, shot to the front like a deer one. Shrubb was smashing all Maratone of an and wiry, shot to the front like a deer one. and wiry, shot to the front like a deer running from the hunter, a roar of applause went up that shattered the smoke wreaths and rattled the sky-

idering the fact that this was a race of 26 miles 385 yards, the nerve of the little Englishman was almost appalling.

is down an inch.

On he flew, with Longboat struggling half a jap behind. The mile is covered gring. The attention date of the control of the

Pat Powers and Tom Flanagan, his managers, shouted encouragement to

In the eighth mile Longboat's effort to keep somewhere near the fleeting figure ahead began to tell. The Indian was lumbering along with a sort of a bow-legged gallop. His big shoulders were heaving with the exertion and his arms swinging jerkily. ne began to limp. And then Shrubb, fresh and slipping along with a snappy stride that was the perfection of leg motion, went by for another lap.

der the hour-in 57 minutes 32 2-5 secends, to be exact. Shrubb, coming up behind Longboat, still tearing it off, slowed for an instant and looked the Indian over. His dark, grim face for the first time broke into a mirthful

the first time broke into a mirthful crease. "He's laughing," exclaimed someone. "He's laughed with shrubb. It looked like a good joke—the best of the season.

Smilling shrubb Kept

Longthening the Gap, Shrubb spurted up again. Longboat long laughed with shrubb, still smilling, jumped by and went out ahead opening time as no longer the sax no longer the springs life in ten miles of running. The fashlights and longboat, and slower and slower and slower and slower the springs life in ten miles of running. The fashlights and longboat, and longboat, given layer to lap Shrubb had won so hard since track, sending up young volcances of powdery smoke. In the tweifth mile Shrubb had won so hard since track, sending up young volcances of powdery smoke. In the tweifth mile Shrubb gained another lap, He was setting the habit. Two miles further on he took one more. The men were selded mutous the track sending up young volcances of powdery smoke. In the tweifth mile shrubb gained another lap, He was setting the habit. Two miles further on he took one more. The men were selded mutous the track sending up young volcances of powdery smoke. In the tweifth mile shrubb gained another lap, He was setting the habit. Two miles further on he took one more. The men were selded mutous the track sending up the powdery smoke and solve the results of the tweifth mile shrubb gained another lap, He was solven the tweifth mile strain the powdery smoke in the tweifth mile shrubb gained another lap, the powdery smoke in the tweifth mile shrubb gained another lap, the powder was seventh the twenty-tween miles of running. The fashlights begained another lap,

wears—and it was an expression of dis-

wears—and it was an expression of discouragement.

Fleet Sbrubb Takes

Lead In First Mile.

With his dark hair flying in the wind of his swift flight, his white running pants blown tight against the taut muscles, his feet fairly twinkling under him, Shrubb went away from the plodding Indian so fast that he seemed to gain yards with every stride. Almost before we realized that the race has begun, he had covered the first half mile. I held a stop watch on it. Shrubb's time for the half was 2 minutes and 19 seconds. Half-mile championships have been won in slower time than that. Conhandlers worked trantically. Long-boat, plugging along, circled the track and regained a lap. Once more he came around, but just before he arrived Shrubb jumped to his feet and started out like a sprinter. He had nearly a

Shrubb's father. He was a nice, white-whiskered old gentleman, very quiet and reserved as an Englisman should be if he has any regard for the traditions of his country. Shrubb's father looked on and never batted an eye. But his fingers were twitching. In one hand he held a piece of paper. Slowly he tore it in two and then into little squares that fluttered from his fingers to the ground. Shrubb walked fifty yards and then began running again. And here came a series of incidents that should not have occurred. Mind you, I don't think they had any effect upon the result. But they were distinct fouls, and the referee should have interfered instantly or disqualified Longboat. First Tom Flanagan ran with the Indian around the track, pacing and coaching him. This was against the rules of the race. Pollok and Powers, managers of Longboat and promoters of the race, were on the track coaching the Indian. So were a score of others. They saw an unexpected victory in sight and were wild with excitement. Longboat looked tired and stulien. He was running almost as slowly as Shrubb. Flanagan, running beside him, shouted was running almost as a nice, which is the proposal looked turously at his defeated rival. Then he went along and ran the race out to the end alone. He was running almost as slowly as Shrubb. Flanagan, running beside him, shouted was very tired and, although Mrs. Longboat in a big white fur boa jumped up

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ı	Mis.Runner.		Time.	
I	1-Shrubb		0.04.52	
ı	2-Shrubb	****************	0.10.48	4-5
ļ	3-Shrubb		0.15.52	
ı	4-Shrubb		0.21.58	4-5
I	5-Shrubb		0.27.54	
I	6-Shrubb		0.33.37	
ı	7-Shrubb		0.39.45	1-5
ı	8-Shrubb		0.45.52	
ı	9-Shrubb		0.51.43	2-6
	10-Shrubb		0.57.32	2-5
ì	11-Shrubb		1.03.25	1-5
۱	12-Shrubb		1.00.31	4-5
ı	18-Shrubb		1.15.55	4.5
ı	14 Shrubb		1.22.12	3-5
l	15-Shrubb		1.28.28	4-5
ı	16-Shrubb		1.34.33	2-5
ı	17—Shrubb		1.40.56	1.5
١	18-Shrubb		1.47.36	
Ì	19—Shrubb		1.54.26	2.5
į	20—Shrubb		2.01.25	4.5
ì	21—Shrubb		2.00.08	3-5
i	22-Sarubb		2.16.14	
į	23—Shrubb		2.24.05	
į	24—Shrubb		2.33.30	
Ì	1975	lt	2.42.46	
i	26-*Longbo	at	2.53.40	2.5
	• Twenty	six miles and 365	yards.	
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THE BIG MOMENTS OF THE RACE



Blow to the Body Knocked Out Several

Title Holders and Landed Rich

Honors for the Inventor.

(Copyright, 1908, by Battling Nelson.)

was running almost as slowly as Shrubb. Flanagan, running beside him, shouted and shook his finger in Longboat's face.

At twenty-two and a half miles

Shrubb walked again, then ran. In another lap Longboat, coming silently up from the rear, caught him and started past. Shrubb turned. His face was toward me. I don't care to see that expression again. It was as if he were being crucified. His lips were drawn back until his gums showed. He made one desperate spurt out ahead, then fell back elowly, and Longboat passed him. For the first time Longboat had lapped Shrubb while the little Englishman was on his feet.

on his feet.
The Indian's handlers were on the

Lead as Crowd Cheers.

Longboat Takes the

BATTLING NELSON'S "HALF-SCISSORS HOOK"

HELPED HIM WIN WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP

the left hand of a fighter is withdrawn,

of the wrist, he would plunge the heel of his right hand into the man's liver. When a man doubled up from the unexpected pain Joe would whang him in the jaw and the fight would be over. To try that blow put the tips of your fingers on any object and see with what force you can bring the heel of your hand down on the same object without removing the fingers. Try this once and see what you think of it.

As I have said, I was always trying to learn something while a kid. I saw Choynski do this a couple of times and I began to study anatomy. I got a chart of a human body and saw exactly where the liver was located. I then improved on Choynski's scheme and developed the left half-scissors hook. Incidentally, this is the first time I have ever tipped this off. There are many fighters, lowever, who will tell you it was what put them out.

Used Blow with Deadly Effect.

Used Blow with Deadly Effect. It was in the early part of 1903 that I

STEVE O'BRIEN, City at Large.

half miles. Longboat, running slowly, passed and looked curiously at his defeated rival. Then he went along and ran the race out to the end alone. He was very tired and, although Mrs. Longboat in a big white fur boa jumped up and down and clapped her hands, the Indian fell ten minutes behind the record set by Dorando when he beat Johnny Hayes.

It was in the early part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the properties of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the properties of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the properties of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of the part of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of 1903 that I began to use the left half-scissors hook depth of 1903 th

in Norway Game Played on Skis

I understand that Swat Milligan once went to Norway and lost a game there

The game in question. Mr. O'Brien, was played while the Peericas Hitter of the Poison Oaks was making a tour of the Land of the Midnight Sun. He had just topped at Christiania, Norway, and was requested to take part in a game to be played against the gingery team from Finnegan's Flord. Under the rules in that league the game is played on the snow-covered side of a hill and the base runners wear skis. This appealed to Milligan as a novelty, and he agreed to take part in the exciting contest. He was anxious to see what he could do on a pair of skis.

On the eventful day the game rocked along until the Finnegan Flord policher when he shall of the seventh inning. Milligan was then called to the bat. On a graceful pair of skis be slid up to the plate. The Finnegan Flord pitcher knew of Swat's provess with the bat and he handed him a ball that was frozen. Milligan learned against it with all the power in his muscular body. His aim was so accurate that the fielders were binded with a shower of it feles and Milligan started on his momentous circuit of the bags. The rule was in vogue in that league that the batter could keep going until the ball was recovered, and Milligan expected to break his long-standing record, not being accustomed to skis, Swat start-

Swat Failed to Touch Second

that was played in the snow. Will you give me the details?

B. Bulger, Sporting Department, Evening World:

hat the blow must be delivered.

M'GRAW AND STALLINGS PLAN TO DEVELOP YOUNG CHAMPIONS

Plenty of Talent Taken South | Plenty of Room to Work Out in Spring Training.

SHRUBB HAD SO MUCH SPEED

BY BOZEMAN BULGER. YOU fans had better begin digging out your old dope books, for there's going to be some baseball doings in a very few days. Manager Stallings, of the Highlanders, has already gone to the South, where he will make arrangeemnts to receive his recruits for the team of 1909. McGraw is still in town, but he will start for Marlin Springs in exactly two weeks, and with him will go the youngsters who hope to tear up the National League in

he began tying his shoes.

replied Patten. He barely dodged a dozen spiked shoes that were thrown

from the State of Washington, where had won a lot of glory in his four-round go with Young Corbett, at that time the featherweight champion, and the talk of the universe. George was going at his best when the Milwaukee promoters signed me up, expecting, of course, to see me trimmed. We went six hot rounds, and Memsic was given or Devlin. That infield is too good now probably the worst trouncing he has

McGraw has one young infielder of shom he is exceptionally proud. He is Giants from New Haven, Conn. Sim-

Wily Abe Will Have to Wait for Jem Driscoll. By John Pollock. To looks now as if Jem Driscoll, the English champion, and Abe Attell will not get together in a battle at me of the local clubs until Driscoll re-

turns here from his trip to England, which will be about the latter part of March or early in April. Charley Harvey, manager of Driscoll, declared last vey, manager of Driscoll, declared last priscoll. wait until Driscoll was ready to take Sled That Steers Will Be Given to Every

"Fighting Dick" Hyland has agreed to meet Packer McFarland, and the pair were series of lightning swings from the very outset. He was determined to out-slug me as well as use his splendid I fortowork to disconcert me. I saw through his scheme quickly, and in the blocking and sparing my blows. I did crack him two awful joits in the wind blocking and sparing my blows. I did crack him two awful joits in the wind blocking and sparing my blows. I did crack him two awful joits in the wind blocking and sparing my blows. I did crack him two awful joits in the wind blocking and sparing my blows. I move the round had closed, but he won the round all right. He came to linkes a tevery opportunity. Here I played havoc with his wind and proughed it with him furiously. Round three found Mr. English bleeding pretty badly and, strange to relate, breaking ground like a good fellow. This round was all mine. I bad him covering up, crying foul and doing his best to stall through.

This round four I uncorked my special left half-scissors hook, which true to its training landed hard on his liver. Back he went with both arms to his sides. It was now a shame to take the money. I stepped in and biffed him a counter with my right in the wind, which straightened him up. The balance of the fight went all my way. Think of it! I was handed down \$500—regular United States dollars. My Kansas City friends had bet \$500 for me as well. So there I stood, or rather I was carried out of the ring in possession of \$1,500—a small fortune then. As usual, I immediately wired every cent of it home to mother.

This signal yictory concluded my

Won \$23,000 That Year.

This signal victory concluded my year's work. I had won in purses \$23,000, besides, of course, much more in side bets, &c. I began the year fighting for \$5. I ended up by earning \$1,500 in

for \$5. I ended up by earning \$1,600 in one evening.

Though the year was ended and I was still a long way from the lightweight championship, I had learned something that was destined to bring me fame and fortune. I had learned to deliver the half-solesors hook, and I made up my mind to try it out in the next fight. I then went home and took a long rest. I was determined to get a fresh start and go after the top-notch honors.

Chapter XIII. of the Battling Nelson stories will appear in The Eve-

ning World of Mondoy.

Stage, and Young Alberts vs. Johnny Connolly.

At the National A. C., of Brooklyn, stagEddle Rector vs. Denny McDonald, six rounds. The other bouts will bring together Freddie Dipples and JoJe Gordon, Johnny Roth and Ernie Ross, George Mc-Geory and Bill Harned, and Willie Donnelly and Lew Fisher.

For Beginners in This Protession

ington Club the players were discussing the fact that more ballplayers are now going into law, medicine

"I don't believe in taking up one of those professions," observed Jake and there is not much room for young fellow, or, an old fellow, for

the top," remarked Case Patten, as

At the Long Acre A. C. stag-Tommy Tracey, of Bayonne, vs. Young Kerrigan, of Hoboken, in the main bout of six rounds. In the other bouts. Johnny Moran vs. Kitts, Frankie Mango vs. Tommy

Simmons of the Giants and

Knight of the Highlanders

Look Like Stars.

wanted to be a member of the Glants.

Simmons was signed by the Montreal

Club last season, but didn't get a

chance to show what he could do before

he was sold to New Haven. Arriving in

New Catcher an Indian.

bases he is as fleet as a deer.

One man on whom Stallings is depending is Quinn, his new pitcher, Quinn is a big fellow of broad shoulders and six feet tall. Al Orth, who saw him work last year, says that he will be worders

Boy Who Will Do Me A Small Favor. You Can Have One.



